When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania wak't, and straight way lou'd an Asse.
Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuise.
But hast thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht too)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his side;
That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.
Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.
Ob. Stand close: this is the same *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.
Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worse,
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse.
If thou hast slaine *Lysander*, in his sleepe; (too,
Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As hee to mee. Would hee haue stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as soone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou hast murdred him.
So should a murtherer looke; so dead, so grimme.
Dem. So should the murthered looke, and so should *I*,
Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering spheare.
Her. Whats this to my *Lysander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?
Deme. I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my sake:
Durst thou haue look't vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kild him, sleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.
Deme. You spende your passion, on a misprisi'd moo
I am not guilty of *Lysanders* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more:
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more;
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine.
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout slippe doth sorrow owe:
Which now in some slight measure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make some stay. *Ly dou*
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the loue iuice on some true loues sight.
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true.
Robi. Then fate orerules, that one man holding troth
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.
Ob. Flower of this purple dy;